He has caught me in his eye : I will present My honest grief unto him ; and, as my lord, Still serve him with my life.— My dearest master !

TIMON comes forward from his Cave.

TIM. Away ! what art thou ?
*FLAV** Have you forgot me, sir ?
TIM. Why dost ask that ? I have forgot all men ; Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt a man[3], I have forgot thee.
FLAP. A honest poor servant of yours.
TIM. Then I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man About me, I; all that[4] I kept were knaves[5], To serve in meat to villains.
FLAV, The gods are witness,
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.
TIM. What, dost thou weep ?—Come nearer;—
then I love thee,
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st Flinty mankind ; whose eyes do never give, But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping[6]: Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with weeping!
FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,

3 _- thou'rt man,] Old copy—" thou'rt *a* man." STEEVENS.

4 — that —] I have supplied this pronoun, for the metre's sake. STEEVENS.

5 — knaves,] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *ser vant* and a *rascal.* JOHNSON.

e _ pity's sleeping:] I do not know that any correction^ necessary, but I think we might read :
ft —------eyes do never give,
** But thorough lust and laughter, *pity* sleeping:----------"
Eyes never flow (to give is to dissolve, as saline bodies in moist weather,) *but by lust* or *laughter,* undisturbed *by* emotions of *pity.* JOHNSON.